

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 57.

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: MAY 27, 1911.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us—
That nothing drives away;
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor,
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold;
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles,
From our mother's toil untold;
We are born to hoarded weariness,
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work!
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by head or steel!
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here,
But this is a fear no heart can face,
A fate no man can dare,
To be run to earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there!

The slow, relentless, padding step—
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the un-embroidered—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the key-hole,
And a tearing as of teeth!
Will do I know the bloodshot eyes,
And the dripping jaws beneath?
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNOTUS.

The police recently prosecuted C. W. Oakes, Liberal organiser, and A. Cocks, Liberal M.L.A., for obstructing the traffic by speaking in Moore-street, City. The police admitted that they had not warned the Liberal gentlemen that they must not speak there. They had, according to the evidence given in other cases, warned speakers at Labor meetings. It seems curious that Labor speakers should be told that they must not speak there, while the representatives of Capital were allowed to deliver addresses, and further, that the police only proceeded against the Liberals after an information was laid by a Laborite, whose friends had previously been proceeded against and fined—they had no other information or knowledge that the Liberals had spoken. A wise man is Robert, especially under a Labor government.

It looks as if the Mexican revolutionists have been sold by their leader, General Madero. The throne of Diaz was falling, and Mexico was besieged, when a representative of Madero was called to New York to discuss peace proposals with the real owners of Mexico—the bootlickers. Madero's representative promised that if he became president, Madero would protect their interests, and the bootlickers said, "then let him be president." Diaz has done their dirty work as long as he could, that is, until the people revolted, now Madero will do it until they revolt against him. The revolution will succeed in deposing one tyrant only to put another in his place, and the people will continue to be led by the cute Yankees of Wall-street, New York.

The capitalist press so far has raised no protest against the medical examination of school children. Is it because they know their owners love the workers' children, and desire to see them healthy and happy? Or is it that they want them to be made stout and strong to work for their masters when old enough? Everywhere, in the cities, we see cards in shop windows inviting boys and girls to come in and work, but never a card inviting men. The exploiters evidently are planning for the future worker to live on his children in some unnatural way. They have so far reversed the order of nature so that the strong live on the weak, now the babies are to support their parents.

The second session of the New South Wales Parliament under a Labor Government was opened with military honors by the Lieutenant Governor on May 16th. In his speech to "the honorable gentlemen assembled" he told them "it was with sincere pleasure that he called them together for the discharge of their important duties." And after reading through 39 articles of a put-up programme which everyone present knew was never intended to be carried out, he cynically remarked that he left the "gentlemen to their important labors, and trusted that under the guidance of Divine Providence they might conduce to the welfare and prosperity of the State." It strikes us that as Parliament is called together for the transaction of the BUSINESS of this State, its about time things were started, at least, ON A BUSINESS-LIKE BASIS. Do the Stock Exchange or any of the insurance companies, or the annual meetings of shareholders in great financial undertakings, commence their proceedings with the blare of a military band, an escort of soldiers, and an appeal to the Divinity to guide proceedings? Why then should the business of the State—the most important business of all, be framed in a mediaeval setting, and be made ridiculous in the eyes of thinking men and women?

We have already criticised Mr. Holman's foreshadowing in his Cootamundra speech of the Governmental policy for this session; he has since Parliament opened received criticisms from the domestic circle of his own party, and from what is euphemistically called the "Opposition." We should advise the workers to obtain opera glasses, telescopes, and microscopes, and try and discover something in the detailed programme which is likely to help forward "The securing of the full results of their industry to all producers," which, we understand the Labor Party, when it took office was pledged to do. As a matter of fact, the Labor Government's fiscal policy, as laid down in articles 5 and 6 of the Lieutenant Governor's speech, is throwing not only the burden of the present on the workers of to-day, but the added burden of the past and of the future. A public debt has been accumulated in the past by those who have gone before us. The Labor Government postulates that that public debt must be paid "out of the proceeds of the sale of Crown lands, and the surplus returns from State enterprises." Our criticism is that the Labor Government has no right to sell Crown lands because they are pledged to Land Nationalisation; and that they have no right to make profits out of their State enterprises because they are pledged "to secure the full results of their industry to all producers." In order to start the State of the future free of public debt, the workers of the present are to be ground between the upper millstone of the past, and the rather millstone of the future. But, of course, if the workers of to-day like this arrangement, no one else should object!

Mr. Lloyd George has announced, when introducing his new budget into Parliament, that in two years he had realised a surplus of £5,607,000. A day or two before he declared with a tear in his footstep that, though he realised how heavily the sugar duty pressed on the poor workers, yet he found it impossible to remit any of it. Workers should, however, observe that he has remitted cocoa and liquor duties to the tune of £100,000; but then you know the Bureaucracy and the Cocoa Lords are wealthy and influential, and they subscribe largely to Liberal funds and run Liberal newspapers. We advise workers to read Blatchford's "Under Dog." They will perhaps then understand why they are where they are.

The Newtown Harriers' Club is to hold a patriotic demonstration on Coronation Day, which will have the support of the Acting-Governor and leading politicians. The chief event will be a "Coronation Marathon," and amongst minor items there will be a "King George V. Handicap," a "Royal Handicap," a "Prince of Wales Handicap," an "Empire Handicap," and a "Duke of York Handicap." The Queens have been overlooked—a serious lapse in the loyalty of the rulers of the harriers—but let that go. The harriers are mostly young men, who are (rightly) fond of athletics, but whose was the sinister brain that drafted that grovelsome, patriotic programme?

The ignorant invariably offer the wise as a sacrifice to their God—ignorance.

Our comrade, Walter Thomas Mills, who is now lecturing in Sydney, considers that the two things necessary towards solving the social question in this country are the development of social consciousness in women, and the training of children over twelve in technical studies and in elementary economics. In his lecture on Tuesday evening, when indicting the present industrial system he proved conclusively that the cost of living increased much more rapidly than the purchasing power of wages; and added that while the cost of living was now higher than ever before in the history of the world, the cost of production was lower than it had ever been.

Our joys are growing weary
Beneath the hand of fate;
Be sober and keep vigil
The Judge is at the gate.
He seems to sit in judgment,
He comes arrayed in night,
He comes to end the evil,
And crown triumphant right.

The *Saturday Morning Herald* of May 17th contains a paragraph headed "Trouble in a School," which tells how a thirteen year old lad, named William Green, was threatened by his teacher with a caning, and when he resisted the indignity, was assaulted by the same teacher, with the result that young Green was subsequently treated by the casualty surgeon at the Sydney Hospital for "severe lacerations on the forehead, cut on the bridge of the nose, and injuries to the back." It strikes us, after reading this paragraph, that it should have been headed "Brutality in a School," and we sincerely hope the incident will not be allowed to end there. We affirm, with a full sense of the responsibility of what we are saying, that THE CASE SHOULD BE BANISHED FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND ANY TEACHER WHO CANNOT KEEP ORDER WITHOUT THE USE OF THE CASE SHOULD BE DISMISSED. Education, it is admitted, stands higher in Germany, and in Scandinavia than in other European countries, and discipline is kept in those schools without the use of the cane. The same is true of the schools of the United States. Violence provokes violence; and the scene then took place in the William-street School, when the lad and his teacher struggled together, and the final triumph of brute force was established, will leave a lasting and indelible impression on the minds of each of the scholars who witnessed it.

Parents and citizens of Mullumbimby recently met to make preparations for celebrating the silly Empire Day, when a bomb-shell was fired into the meeting from an unexpected quarter. A priest wrote from the Catholic Presbytery, as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Matthews:—I received your note. I regret that the parents and citizens of Mullumbimby think me as childish as themselves in expecting me to join with them in wishing success to the Empire. I have never been asked until the present, and never intend taking part in those loud manifestations of loyalty and success."

Alderman Hollangworth said it was "an insult to the people of the town, the Commonwealth, and the British Empire." What a wonder the oleaginous one didn't say it was an insult to the whole human race and the author of the universe.

About 260,000 medals will be issued to Victorian children during coronation time. Patriots and loyalists are determined to poison the children's minds by all methods, but the useless, valueless medal is the limit of crass stupidity and meanness. Our forefathers were in the habit of making children happy on festive occasions by giving them sweets and toys, but the tools of aristocracy and exploitation can only develop the brilliant idea of giving them foolish and useless baubles.

The exploiters' papers ridicule the demands of labor for higher wages. Higher wages, they say, only tend to send the cost of living up, which leaves the worker no better off. They leave unexplained why the cost of production is constantly being cheapened, irrespective of whether wages go up, down, or remain stationary; and also how it is that the cost of living goes up while the cost of production goes down. Any explanation would leave the fraud more apparent than it is.

Manitland Worker, in its issue of May 12, prints comrades John and Lena Lynch's vigorous objection to military training for their son. It will be remembered that our comrades delivered their protest to Senator Pearce's department some weeks ago.

"S.S." in the *Bulletin* for May 18, says: "Mr. 'W.R.W.' (*Bulletin* 1.5.11) is quite cruel to me because of my surprise at Socialists' appreciation of Nietzsche, the philosopher of aristocracy. I expressed general astonishment at their delight in him, and 'W.R.W.' wonders where such delight exists outside the fertile imagination of 'S.S.'" He then goes on to say that G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, and writers in the *New Age* quote Nietzsche approvingly, which, of course, is no answer to 'W.R.W.'s contention that *Australians* Socialists have not taken the German to their bosoms. He asserts that "writers in the little local *Socialist* quote 'Antichrist' and 'Zarathustra' freely, and with great apparent appreciation." It is doubtful which paper is the "little local *Socialist*." It doesn't seem true of Melbourne *Socialist*, and it certainly isn't true of this paper.

The Senate of the University and its President take themselves too seriously. Had they the smallest sense of humor they would understand that it is possible to enjoy a joke, even at one's own expense; and that the more pompous a person or a body of persons appear, the more comic, and provocative of mirth, is the effect. Saturnalia, carnivals and commemoration days are safety valves which human nature, and especially young human nature, demands. The fireworks of life are let off on those occasions, and afterwards everything settles down to its normal condition; but if the fireworks are forbidden, opposition is aroused and squibs and crackers are let off in the wrong places. Our University institutions require democratizing, and bringing up-to-date, as well as most of our other institutions.

Tom Mann writes to a comrade in Sydney: "Every country I have seen seems to be in urgent need of revolutionaries to act as the vivifying force. The Labor Party here (England) I attach no importance to; they are now mere politicians." Mann also sends a copy of a report of a debate on the benefits of Industrial Unionism, for helping forward the cause of Socialism; the debate took place at Manchester between himself and Frank Rose.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., was in the chair, and in his opening remarks said: "They need only look at the present trouble in the shipbuilding trade, and the experience they had had in the cotton trade a short time ago. In the cotton trade the masters formed one body; they had one common interest, the whole of the different departments of the industry, from the masters' point of view, were represented through one agency. On the other hand the operatives had many separate organisations, only one of these organisations having a hand in the negotiations at the meetings with the masters. In the shipbuilding and boilermakers' troubles, as they could see, every interest in regard to those trades represented on the employers' side found their fullest expression in the united stand made by the employers; and only that week had the interests of the workmen, after nine weeks, found federated action. The time was really coming when workers should act together at the beginning of a dispute, and not after it had been in progress for some time."

In a speech at Sydney Town Hall (11.5.11), Rev. S. D. Yarrington said, "Sydney takes first place among the cities of the world so far as sin is concerned." Exaggeration is very close to the sin of untruthfulness, while all omission is tantamount to standing in with them. What clergyman dare denounce Archbishop Wright, and point the finger of scorn at his palace? When do those, who talk so much of sin, bring the truth home to the wealthy slum-owners who sit in the front seats of the churches?

Mr. Andrew Fisher and Kaiser Wilhelm have both arrived in London: the latter is going to help to unveil a statue to his grand-mamma, and the former is going to make the mouths of the English Labor Party water by telling them of how easy it is to gull the workers by running on a Labor ticket, and pursuing a Liberal policy.

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To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

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Not "the right to work" but more of the things their work creates, with leisure to enjoy them—this is what intelligent wage-workers demand—PAUL LAFARGUE.

Race Prejudice.

ONE of the principles of Socialism is that relating to the identity of interests between the workers of every capitalist country whatever their color, religion, or sentiment may be. As the color prejudice does not exist in all countries this would no doubt account for the meagre Socialist literature concerning this question. But as the racial question forcibly obtrudes itself in Australia, owing to the White Australia policy, it would seem to be advisable to quote the soundest unprejudiced scientific authorities who ridicule with incontestable facts, the deliberately fed race aversion, that is productive in countries like the United States of America, of the most revolting cruelties and contemptible social savagery.

Jean Finot, a Frenchman, has given to the world a book that would well repay a perusal by our political leaders, and which is indispensable to the sound, scientific Socialist. This book "Race Prejudice," of which the following is a slight review, has for its keynote, environment. Finot shows that by changing the environment we can alter, not only the morals and intelligence of so-called inferior races, but even their color!

The notion of superior and inferior races first scientifically originated with Gobineau in 1854. Previous to the illogical Gobineau, it was not considered an outrageous offence for white races to intermarry. But with every decade, some white races with insular ignorance and inordinate conceit, repelled and repressed those not of their own tint, with the result that the worst feelings were engendered in the oppressed who were compelled to retaliate. From this fact would arise the situation created in the United States.

What indeed would be more startling news to our race cranks than the proved fact that races do not exist? All so-called races are merely hybrids and crosses. Finot explodes Gobineau's contention that the Germans are the superior race of the world owing to their Germanic stock, in contradiction to the "inferior" French of Gallic stock, by reviewing the history of those nations and showing that the French are of Germanic, and

the Germans of Gallic extraction. He also explodes the hypothesis of our "Aryan" parent race as a pure myth, contending that the white races are of negroid origin, and basing his contention, among other things, on the negroid character of the prehistoric remains of the Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal skeletons, found in Europe.

The foremost races of the world are the most impure—from the unscientific racial standpoint. The English are a mixture of a dozen known races; the Boers are like the English, a mongrel race, having French and English blood in their veins. One of the most energetic races that have left an indelible stamp on the face of the globe are the French, yet Finot proves that the French are a mixture of over 60 races, and these races themselves mixtures of hundreds of others! This seems to show that the more mixed a race is, the more virile, energetic and forceful does it become. We know from other scientific sources that left alone, the most healthy living race in the world is sure to enervate and lose its force of character, and finally perhaps degenerate.

Only by intermarrying, that is, uniting various environments, is it possible to maintain the virility and life of a nation.

Not only Finot but other writers and observers, lay stress on the marvellous effects of different environments. The Jews for instance, originally an Arab tribe with a swarthy skin, owing to their universal dispersion, present all the varying degrees of color and characteristics displayed by their neighbors with whom they have sought refuge. In the cold countries of North Europe, the Jew is white. In the north of Africa the members of the same race are black. In China, where Jews have recently been discovered, they display the same characteristics as their Chinese neighbours, from sallow skin to almond eyes! J. F. Nisbet notices a similar phenomena, while his "Marriage and Heredity": "The Portuguese or Spanish Jew differs from the German Jew. Notwithstanding that each may be of pure extraction, he conforms more or less to the type around him. This is the result of the climatic and other physical conditions." Sidney Olivier in his "White Capital and Colored Labor," says: "The cerebral and temperamental distinctions of races have been determined and established, like their bodily differences, by the pressure of environment throughout the course of material evolution." The same effects have been noticed in the animal world. The differences of altitude, climate, soil, etc., have produced different breeds of cattle.

Whenever the so-called superior white races have treated their black subjects as human beings with the same feelings, sentiments, morals and aspirations as themselves, the result in comparison to the bad and inhuman treatment of similar people, is one of the greatest moral victories that points the way to racial peace. When the white races learn that the negroes and Mongoloids have as good altruistic sentiments and feelings as themselves, they will do their best to educate these races to a higher plane of life. We have it pointed out to us that these colored peoples are inferior to us in their social life; and particular social aberrations are referred to. Yet these social outrages only occur, be it noted, where these people are hated, despised, and socially ostracised. When they are treated well, a different tale is told. Who has ever heard any voice of discontent issue from the British Island of Jamaica? The British Government has so treated and educated the natives, without showing any feeling of superiority, that a white woman can walk alone through the whole island without molestation. No outrage has ever been known to occur. Natives are appointed as magistrates, and they fulfil their duties exceedingly well.

The mixed mix, but there is no cry of degeneracy. As a result of this sensible treatment there is no more pacific and contented island in the whole world than Jamaica. Olivier, who was Governor of Jamaica for five years, again says: "In the matter of natural good manners and civil disposition, the black people of Jamaica are very far, and indeed out of comparison, superior to the members of the corresponding class in England, America or North Germany." If Great Britain had applied this sensible principle to India, the present seething unrest would probably be unknown.

In comparison to the spirit of independence of the working class, the "inferior" black is the moral master of the "superior" white. Where a black would refuse to work at the price and for the convenience of the white capitalists, the white workers meekly and abjectly troop to their daily drudgery with scarcely a protest. That is why the black is either a slave as in the Congo, or, if public opinion repudiates that form of slavery, indentured labor takes its place. Says Olivier: "Under simple fear of the 'sack' the European meekly and voluntarily submits to conditions of discipline and routine to which the indentured Asiatic has to be bound by legal penalties."

All writers concur in the statement that half-castes, mulattoes, etc., are the most beautiful human beings in the world—surely not a sign of physical inferiority. When given opportunities, the negroes have proved themselves a race of indomitable courage, and are persistent in the endeavor to advance themselves in every possible way. With the most brutal discouragement possible, the American negroes are proving themselves, by the results of their own struggle for regeneration, to be the equal of the hybrid "white" race which has tried to keep them to the level of scavengers. There are few public men in Australia who can compare in mental intellect with the flower of America's intellect, such as the negroes Paul Lawrence Dunbar (the Victor Hugo of America); Kelly Miller, mathematician; Dr. Blyden, linguist; Booker T. Washington, Burghardt De Bois, etc., some of them having been slaves, and yet rising, against fearful odds, with an indomitable spirit, that few members of so-called superior white races are capable of.

It is impossible to do justice to this subject in such a short article, yet, graphically speaking, acres of space could be well devoted to it without exhausting either the subject or the patience of the reader. There are other and more numerous quotations which the limits of space inexorably forbid me from inserting. Yet the subject is so interesting and so important that I cannot do better than advise Socialists to study this matter.

In conclusion let me quote Letourneau, another sociological authority, who says vide "Property, its Origin and Development":—"Let me repeat once more: the peoples of white race had an origin as humble as the origin of the colored races; they have painfully followed the common route; only they have advanced further."

Only he who is great is persecuted.

It is useless to alleviate poverty. The thing to do is to obviate it.

'Tis not the man but his expressions that the world honors or loathes.

The average worker has to toil so hard to live that he doesn't get to really live.

The animal is very much the same in all men—only thought is different.

Socialists are doing some of the showing these days.—Appeal to Reason.

"The Opening Ceremony."

An Old Farce Re-staged.

BY DINGLE.

THE old theatre in Macquarie-street, known as "The Talking Shop," was re-opened on the 16th May, after being closed for several months, during which time the actors and public enjoyed a well-earned and much-needed rest.

For several days before the opening, the press had noisily heralded the event, and the supers, could be heard clearing the stage; while away in country districts, as far even as Cootamundra, the chief actors had been rehearsing their parts assiduously.

Many people regard the "Opening Ceremony" as a dreary kind of farce, but they are mostly persons of no imagination. The "Opening Ceremony" is, without doubt, one of our most time-honored farces, and is funny enough to make the parliamentary cat laugh.

From ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th May, theatre-goers commenced to arrive, and Macquarie-street presented a thronged and busy appearance.

Actors, and the general public, were indiscriminately mixed at the stage entrance, long before the play commenced, and handshaking and merry confabulation befitting the occasion were freely indulged in.

The actors could easily be picked out by a peculiar importance in their style, and even a stranger could not remain unenlightened long, for the habitual visitors were unerringly pointing out the "stars" to any less enlightened one who happened along.

The actors seemed an affable lot, many of them with noses so red as to betoken very convivial spirits, long habituated to communion with the flowing bowl. They chatted and shook hands with each other in such a friendly fashion that one could not think that in a few days, or hours, they might for a brief space forget that the play was only a farce, and, in the heat of a game fight, act as if in earnest, and fight venomously, "libs" against "libs."

The audience which came to see the "Opening Ceremony" was a very heterogeneous lot. There was the rotund gentleman, who looked like the suburban alderman, but who was only the owner of a few city shuns. The city banker, deeply interested in the immigration problem, who clamors in the newspapers for more population to come to defend his land, or buy it from him at fictitious rates. The manufacturer, who joins in the banker's cry, and who wants a plentitude of cheap labor, so that he can compete against the underpaid foreigner. Land agents, stock jobbers, members of the devil's brigade, milkers of the state dairy animal, and suckers of the body politic, were all there, blended together with the labor visionary, and the faithful votary, who had come to see the battle for the millenium and the dawn of a new era.

There were also hundreds of lovely girls and stately mothers, lending color and beauty to the otherwise sombrely-dressed crowd. Very ambitious were some of these ladies, flitting gaily here and there, shaking hands with the leading stars, and making for prominent seats in the Upper House, where the first act was to be staged.

Away, down in the street, was the important policeman—dozens of him, standing in front of, and holding "the crowd" back from rushing the stage entrance without tickets. Stiff with dignity was Robert, a fine symbol of the majesty and force of the law.

Soon a military band, in abundance of gold braid, with trumpets blaring and drums sounding, marched up at the head of a squad of infantry with bayonets fixed. An officer in gay spangles and gilded uniform barked,

and the band and the squad of infantry automatically halted. The officer barked again, and the men wheeled as suddenly as if same were charged with some electrical current from the human battery which barked the orders. They executed an evolution or two, and finally drew up in lines on the opposite side of the street, to await the coming of His Excellency, the Acting-Governor and Chief Justice, who was to open the show.

While waiting for his Ex, one had time to have a good look at the soldiers, and think of what manner of men they are, to give up their manhood, to act like automatons, to be barked and snapped at by a superior, who, in his turn, was inferior to another.

One could not help reflecting that these young men, to become good soldiers, must have lost all aim in life. They had lost, or given up, the right to distinguish between right and wrong. They dare not think, nor reason, but must obey. If they are ordered to fire on their fellow citizens, their neighbors, relatives, or friends, they must obey without hesitation. If they are ordered to fire on men on strike, or on a mixed multitude of men, women, and children in a crowded street, fighting for the means of life, they must obey. They must be blind, soulless, unthinking, murderous machines. They must abandon manhood, and all that constitutes a man. They must not think, move, or speak, for their officers are set over them to do the thinking. And all for a few pence a day. The very worst use men can be put to is to make soldiers of them.

Such meditations were cut short by the arrival of the Acting-Governor in official dress and cocked hat. He was received by the band with "God save," and four "aids" in gold, lace, and cocked hats, escorted him into the House of land-lords, where the different actors were assembled, surrounded by a glitter of gold lace, and wigs, and gowns, and ruffles, rivaling the millinery and dresses of the ladies.

Here the stage was set for the ancient farce, the dais from whence the prologue is spoken being at one end.

The Speaker of the Commons in silk gown and lace ruffles, brought up his troupe of players, and the prologue was spoken. The plot was duly set forth, and one could not help noticing that age had rendered it very thin. Many old wheezes and threadbare platitudes could be detected in the recital, and the speaker knew the words so well that he seemed scarcely to need to look at the manuscript. Even the principal actors sometimes yawned when old, familiar, and dramatic passages were developed; and the gods in the gallery knew them so well that they might have easily recited them backwards.

The story was the same old story of the bloodthirsty highwayman in disguise, who greedily stuck up the unsuspecting public on the king's highway and robbed them of their wealth. He was the villain of the piece, and around his personality and his disguises circulated the fun.

The hero, a debonaire young man, who is a reformer and a friend of the people, vows that the villain, in spite of his clever disguise, has been recognised as a well-known "lib." He thunders forth his determination to fight for the people, and denounces the whole liberal crowd as aiders and abettors of the robber and his friends.

The hero enumerates the many schemes he has devised for tripping up and arresting the progress of the villain. He gives details of pitfalls, traps, gins, and snares which he intends to set for him, and he points the finger of scorn across the table, at one upon whom suspicion has fallen that he is allied to the family of the villain.

The suspect hurls the accusation from him in terrific anger, and vows

that the highwayman villain is a friend of the hero and a well-known "lib." All the pitfalls, traps, gins, and snares in the possession of the (bogus) hero and friend of the people, were originally invented by himself, and were stolen by the hero one dark night when he happened to be temporarily asleep, or absent from his home. But he would have a terrible revenge; he would do something appalling to free the people from the bogus hero and the villainous highwayman.

The hero laughs a scornful laugh, and demands that the suspect shall disgorge and hand over his share of the plunder, if not, he will have it, if he has to wade through blood for it.

The suspect says, "Your share of the swag is at this moment greater than mine, but wait until I succeed in dragging you out of your comfortable seat, when I will strip the mask from you, and show you to be the false friend of the people. You are an ingrate of the first brand order. Did I not let your brother Mac go to the coronation, promising not to jump into his seat while he was away?"

"And did I not ask for the hand of your father's daughter," asked the hero. "Was that not a sufficient guarantee that I meant your class no harm; and did I not prosecute those Lithgow workers who refused to work at your uncle's rates?"

"But you didn't jail 'em," retorted the suspect. "Remember how I jailed your worst enemy, Peter the Miner. I had him leg-ironed, and taken through the streets on a chain. I had intended to have a ring put through his nose also, but you squeaked so hard about coercion, and damned me in the eyes of the people. I'm glad he gave you a hot time when you let him out of jail."

"Yes, the ungrateful rascal denounced me as soon as he got his liberty," said the people's friend. "I wished at the time that I had let him alone, and left him to serve his sentence. You were right in that case, but we must fight about this other villain."

"To the death," agreed the suspect. "It must be war to the knife (and fork)," said the hero.

"Then come outside," said his opponent, with a menacing look.

"I accept your challenge," said the hero defiantly, as he made for the door.

(They retire together, and meet in the refreshment room. They smile at each other, and wink one eye. They shake hands and embrace, and say "damn" the villain highwayman.)

"What'll you try," asks the hero.

"Whisky, lemon, and O.T.," says the suspect.

"Same here," says the hero. "Try one of my cigars." (He offers his case and the suspect takes one and lights up.)

"Come over to the card table," says the hero, "and I'll fight you at dominoes."

"To a finish," says the suspect, following his opponent.

(They go to a table and fight for hours at dominoes.)

While they are thus engaged other actors keep the play going. The stage is never empty, and those in the gallery see the villain hunted for days and weeks together. He is a wonderful villain, and is full of resourceful tricks. Sometimes he is disguised as a slum landlord, a grasping sweeper, or a trust or financial magnate, and just as the strong arm of the law is stretched out towards him, he invariably effects his escape. Towards the end of the farce the action quickens, the plot thickens, the battle rages; both sides denounce each other as the villain's friends. A day of reckoning is appointed, and they drag each other before the people, and ask them to say who is right and who are their best friends. For a week or two the voice of the prompter is heard in the land, dead cats are thrown about, fishermen's yarns are circulated, old wife's tales are repeated, the electors have their hands shaken and their ears tickled, fine ladies visit the poor, rich men and poor men hobnob together, and feel that they are brothers. Then the election occurs, and the public, not being able to say which is the hero, and which the villain's friend, ends up by electing both to go all over the farce again.

In the character of the hero, Mr. Holman is very successful, and to watch him when he wheels out his wooden guns, and displays the traps and snares with which he prepares to terminate the villain's career, and to hear him recite the said villain's misdeeds, is a treat that the old theatre-goer does not care to miss. Mr. Holman has not lost anything by understudying the original and evergreen Mr. McGowan. In fact many critics assert that he has improved on the boiler maker's methods.

As for Mr. Wade, as the blood-thirsty and heartless coercionist, and cunning friend of the villain, it is difficult to point to one actor who could improve on his art. Mr. Wood has been long understudying Mr. Wade, but the latter will hold the leading position until Father Time himself trips him up.

At odd times the action becomes a bit slow, and the actors seem about to fail to sustain the illusion, but just when the gods in the gallery seem to be waking up from a sleeping fit, they quicken the action and change the scenery, get new "props" from the property room, and stir up the jealousies of the green room.

This notice of a great farce would not be complete unless mention was made of that

promising actor, Mr. Beeby, who has recreated the part of the "Renegade." Since the inimitable Joekooke played the Renegade, we have seen no one to equal Mr. Beeby.

"Helping the Workers."

BY MANDA LLOYD.

"You know," said a "good" woman to me the other day, "it's so hard to do anything for the workers. It's so difficult to help them. They are so suspicious, so touchy, about taking charity."

"So they ought to be," I replied. "They don't want your charity. They want their rights—they want justice."

She stared at me. She was quite a "good" woman. There are hundreds like her in every city wasting their time pattering about with mother's meetings and jumble sales, and "evenings," and subscription lists, and reports about "what we are doing for the poor." And they pride themselves—all these foolish deluded people—that they are doing a noble work, that they are coping with "this terrible problem," "this curse of civilisation," for that is what they call you, my friends, you struggling, starving, harassed workers, caught in the remorseless coils of the capitalist system. If you can't get work you're a "danger," they say. If you do get it, and are underpaid for it, and have your health undermined by it, you're a "problem." And so, without troubling to find out why you can't get work, or why you are underpaid for it when you do get it, or why you get ill, or why you drink yourselves into jails and asylums, or why your babies die, or why your children worry the law, these "good" women offer you diversions in the way of "evenings," and charity in the way of "jumble sales," where you can buy the unwanted things that are thrown aside by the people who uphold the capitalist state of things. And you are suspicious of this charity? Yes. And you may well be. And I say to you, "keep on being suspicious."

The only people who genuinely and intelligently have your welfare at heart are the people who are working to overthrow the wretched bawling system which keeps you as you are. Do these other good people who run institutions and organisations for your supposed benefit want to overthrow capitalism? No they! They would be the greatest stickers for keeping it intact. Helping the poor provides them with a fashionable hobby and thrills of righteous exaltation, and, moreover, makes it appear as if Capitalism really was desirous of helping you. These good people may be quite well-intentioned, their hearts may bleed for you, they may be profoundly moved by the sight of your struggle and hardship, but of what earthly use is all their emotion to you? Charity, organised and disorganised, has been working for centuries to help the poor. And what has it really done for you workers? Has it made the world any better for you? Has it removed the demoralising fear of unemployment from your lives? Has it secured for you an environment where you can develop and express yourselves? Has it obtained for you a just return for your labor? Has it given you decent conditions to work under? Has it secured for you peace and comfort for your old age? I say it has done none of these things. It has tinkered with you. It has misled you. It has blinded you. And to-day you are suspicious of it. Keep on being suspicious of it.

Nothing on earth makes me more angry than waste of energy. For centuries the people who have devoted their lives to helping the poor have practically wasted their lives. I don't wish to say that help has not been of great use often in isolated cases, but the causes of poverty and unemployment have not yet been removed. Fine State institutions for patching up your shattered bodies and morals are really no use to you. You need fine homes to begin life in, and then you won't need fine State institutions to die in. The State and charity begin at the wrong end with you. They should start before you are born, or see that you are not born at all if they can't give you a better start. As it is they begin to worry about you when you've developed some disease, mental or physical, which is almost or quite beyond cure. Then they step in with a blare of legal trumpets to "help" you. Capitalism sees you crowded into dirty, narrow, sordid streets, or cheap swammy areas, or cheerless tenement houses, till hope is crushed out of you, till all sense of beauty is killed within you, till all desire for something better has left you for ever, till the very worst elements of your nature are fostered and matured and have got the better of you, and then it put you into homes and reformatories, and is at last very particular that you get good plain food and plenty of fresh air, and that you are inspected regularly, and that the public press is occasionally allowed to note your happy and improved state of mind and body. Capitalism and the State are "helping" you, are they? But I want to know why they are not "preventing" you from needing their help. And you are beginning to ask this question for yourselves, you struggling workers of the world. And you are suspicious of their clarity. Yes. Keep on being suspicious of it. It is your only hope.

Plain Views.

BY DINGLE.

Two Labor Premiers.

THE peculiar and remarkable Premier of South Australia was recently in Sydney, and whether he studied under Mr. Holman, or Mr. Holman under him, there was a wonderful similarity in the views of both. Mr. Holman has declared that unionists shall be deprived of the right to strike, and be fined, and go to jail; and Mr. Verran, when in Sydney, said that legislation in South Australia would be passed to effect the same objects there. In this both labor premiers propose to go much further than their predecessors, whom they denounced so vigorously for their anti-labor methods, just before the elections. Mr. Verran says, "There is no doubt whatever about the policy of our government regarding industrial disputes, we stand straight for compulsory arbitration. We have no sympathy with the unions that profess a revolutionary policy. Laborism in our State has said that the strike is a barbarous, out-of-date method of deciding differences between employers and employees." Judging from the growth of revolutionary unionism in South Australia, and the strenuous fight it is putting up at Renmark, John doesn't seem quite truthful when he says that Laborism has decided that the strike is all that he says. Labor seems to have discovered that compulsory arbitration courts, with capitalist judges and employers' representatives outnumbering those of the workers, are no good to them, and they would rather deal directly with the pirates of industry themselves. "My Government," he says, "has decided to introduce a Compulsory Arbitration Bill. The principal provision of the bill will be to compel every union of employees and employers to register. Once the two houses of Parliament say that all industrial disputes must be decided by law, then every striker will be treated as any other law-breaker is. There will be no right to strike recognised." Verran is either a humbug or a fool. If he knows that the same method has failed in this state, and that men are willing to go to gaol in defence of their right to strike, and that the Labor Government here is about to amend the law to prevent them from going to gaol when fined, he is a humbug, and is knowingly misleading his own State. If he doesn't know this, he is a fool in matters of common gossip. His arbitration law must fail, as it has failed in this State. Mr. Holman's amendment will also fail, though apparently so cunningly designed. Legislation never succeeds for any length of time which has for its object the destruction of the rights of any considerable body of citizens, and industrial unionists are a considerable body—a body that is growing more rapidly than that to which the two labor premiers belong. The rich man used to be able to "drive a coach and pair" through any act of parliament, and Labor has taken a leaf out of their book. The power of Labor will soon destroy all reactionary capitalistic laws.

Church Decay.

Bishop Stretch, of the Newcastle Diocese, is confronted with an interesting difficulty. He finds a difficulty in getting clergymen. Rev. Killworth, of West Maitland, told the Synod that "he had been for a considerable time endeavoring to obtain a curate, but really could not get one." Archdeacon Trolis said "the difficulty was not peculiar to the Church of England, and read some remarks of Principal Harper, to show that the Presbyterian Church experienced a similar difficulty. Bishop Stretch, President of the Synod, said they had men eminently fitted to become clergymen, and he suggested that Bishopsport, Morpeth, should be turned into a hostel for young men. The bishop could find "a more modest house somewhere else," leaving his library at Bishopsport "for the use of young men." This, if anything, is good news. The dull sons of pious families must be getting scarce, so the supply of clergymen is running short; also, the Bishop is being driven to a more modest house. When the social revolution comes, Socialism—the religion of humanity—will bind men fraternally together, and put it out of their hearts to live in luxury in a bishop's palace at the expense of more useful but poorer folk.

Speaking at Presbyterian General Assembly, Principal Harper, D.D. of St. Andrew's College, said that for two bursaries, which the council had undertaken to give annually to Presbyterian Ministers' sons, there was only one applicant this year. The second bursary, however, was given to a Methodist Minister's son who was taking the medicine course. It appears that young men are avoiding the places where intellect is numbed. Very few ministers' sons follow in their father's footsteps. They have noted how their father's mind was warped and enfeebled, and naturally avoid the twisting place.

Party Premises Fund.

Previously acknowledged

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The Attack on Milwaukee.

BY NEMO.

THE capitalist papers are busy just now over Mr. C. W. Oakes' (the organiser for the Liberal party) attack on Professor Mills, the lecturer from Milwaukee, and the administration of the municipal affairs of that town under the auspices of a Social Democratic Mayor, and a majority on the Town Council of Social Democrats. The *Evening News* of May 17th has an article from Mr. Oakes' point of view, headed "Socialism in practice," and in it a writer in the Sydney press of May 7th is quoted inferring that the result of a Socialist municipal administration is that "20,000 unemployed are walking the streets, that municipal street cleansing and similar services are neglected, and that working men are preparing to leave Milwaukee, and take up their abode where there is less Socialism, and more employment."

Now I have been in Milwaukee since the election of Mayor Seidel, and I want first to point out that the term "Socialism in practice" is a misleading term. Socialism can only be in practice when capitalism has been superseded by a Co-operative Commonwealth, in which the means of life are owned and controlled by all, and commodities are produced for use and not for profit. THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE IS AS MUCH UNDER CAPITALISTIC GOVERNMENT TO-DAY AS IT WAS BEFORE MAYOR SEIDEL AND HIS CITY COUNCILLORS WERE ELECTED ON THE SOCIALIST TICKET A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AGO. Therefore there cannot be any "Socialism in practice" in Milwaukee! The actual position is that some Socialists who have been put, by the vote of their fellow citizens, into power, are doing their best to clear up some of the abuses and graft and maladministration, which an admittedly corrupt capitalist administration had been for many years piling up. This crisis of unemployment among men is due to the fact that capitalist exploiters, unrestricted by legislation, are using wherever possible the cheap labor of women and children.

The *Social-Democratic Herald* of Milwaukee of March 25th has the following from Victor Berger: "There is really no more unemployment in Milwaukee than in St. Louis, Chicago or New York, probably not as much. It is significant that just now the merchants and manufacturers are fighting a bill in the State legislature to limit the time of labor for women and children in the State of Wisconsin under the pretext that they cannot get enough workers. Therefore we hope that the working men of Milwaukee by no means will permit themselves to be bulldozed or frightened from making just demands for a fair wage scale, on account of the howl made about unemployment by the capitalist aldermen in the Common Council, and by one or two newspapers. If it is true that so many men are out of work, let them insist on a shorter work-day, in order to give more men employment. As for the administration, in case the question of unemployment should really become acute, it will undoubtedly do its duty. If necessary the administration might ask permission to borrow \$500,000 dollars from the banks, and do such public work this year as would otherwise be done next year; or otherwise would not even be done at all. But just at present the whole matter is simply a piece of capitalist Jesuitical politics."

I have given my comrades this rather long quotation, because I want not only to justify the Milwaukee Socialist administrators in their intention to deal drastically with what is a capitalist problem, depending in no wise on Socialist administration, but I want to emphasize also the word "Jesuitical" in the last paragraph of our comrade Berger's article.

The Roman Catholic Church has, as usual, been interfering in politics and public administration, and has attempted, and temporarily succeeded, in capturing the State schools of Milwaukee. The following is from a Milwaukee paper:

"Never in the United States was such a spectacle witnessed as was seen in the election for school board in Milwaukee last Tuesday."

Roman Catholic priests, like any ward leaders, actually brought women voters to the polls in carriages, the priest waiting outside the booth, while his faithful sheep went in to vote the Catholic slate. This was done in the Second ward, where at least three carriage loads of females were carried to the election booths, conducted by the priests.

In the "Bloody Third," Italian women who could not read and knew less about politics than a six-year-old child, were also marched to the polls to vote for the Catholic candidates.

In one precinct of the Eighteenth ward a Catholic priest marched his faithful crowd right into the polling booth, with himself at their head. The policemen meanwhile took a convenient sneak, in order not to see that the election laws were being violated.

With such tactics, with religion thus dragged into politics, it is no wonder that the Social-Democratic candidates were defeated, although they polled nearly double the vote of the Social-Democratic school directors who were elected in 1909.

Is it not about time for friends of American freedom to wake up?

Is this America or Spain?"

Victor Berger and his friends have done their best to ward off this attempt to capture the State schools and drive out the four Socialist members who are doing splendid work on the Board. He has publicly stated that "As everyone knows, the Social Democratic party makes no fight on any religion. With us religion is a private matter. But we will fight to the bitter end to keep our schools free from the domination of the priests."

A paragraph in the Socialist propaganda paper says: "The Jesuits have shown their hand in Milwaukee. They have served notice that it is the public school system they are after. But let them have a care. They may force another Reformation, which will do a more thorough job, because it will have a vein of the French revolution running through it."

We Socialists in Australia know that he or she who dares openly to defy the power of Rome, and show up the machinations of the priesthood, is a marked man or woman; and there is very little doubt but that as Victor Berger and his friends have entered the arena against the power of the Roman Church in politics, they will have to undergo an ordeal of misrepresentation, persecution, and organised opposition from every newspaper which Roman Catholic influence can buy or control. There is little doubt that the Labor party in this country could not stand politically where it does, if it had not some pact with the Roman Church. On the day that it is compelled to say to the priests "Hands off!" that day the trouble will begin.

But the main point in this Milwaukee discussion for the workers to remember is, THAT THERE IS NO "SOCIALISM IN PRACTICE" IN MILWAUKEE; THERE IS ONLY A SOCIALIST ADMINISTRATIVE MAJORITY IN A TOWN WHERE CAPITALIST LEGISLATION IS STILL SUPREME.

Remark Notes.

BY F.S.S.

LAST Saturday night it was arranged to keep the meetings going as usual. There were plenty of police about, including Detective Whittle.

There were also plenty of growers and scabs around as though they expected something. Panton had several of his men lined up near the speaker's box.

As soon as Chairman J. Brand mounted the box, Panton went to him and warned him not to speak there. Brand kept on and the public worked round while the mounted police seemed to be trying to ride over them.

Panton told Brand he would have to arrest him if he kept on, though he was causing no disturbance or commotion. The police, with the scabs and growers, were pressing as if they would like to create some disturbance or do something to bolster up a rotten case.

We decided that it would not be wise to get speakers arrested, and so give the growers and their tools an opportunity to capture the ears of the public, so we got permission to speak on private ground.

The police went to the owner and endeavored to get us prevented from speaking there, but they failed, and were themselves ordered off the ground.

The public should note what the growers' deputation said to Secretary Wallis, and his pleasing reply to Bung and Co. His reference to the U.L.U. and his declaration that their resolutions had no effect on him show the brutal nature of the man. Who raised him to his present position? His new friends, or the workers whom he now slights in such a cowardly manner?

Sometimes a Labor Government—such, for example, as that now in power in the Commonwealth—makes a laudable effort to justify its existence. But speaking by and large, it is unhappily only too true that there is a tendency in Labor Ministers to forget why they are where they are. The purpose of this writing is to remind them. They are where they are because the working class are dissatisfied with the social system which gives them so small a share in the products of their own industry that for most of them life is one long story of deprivation. They are where they are because the working class have organised to remedy their age-long grievances; and after many years of struggle and self-sacrifice, having at length triumphed over every obstacle, have placed them in power to carry measures which will redress their wrongs.—*Sydney Worker*.

Patriotism groups men according to their land of origin, as decided by the vicissitudes of history; within every country, thanks to the patriotic link, rich and poor unite against the foreigner.

Socialism groups men, poor against rich, class against class, without taking into account the race or language, and over and above the frontier traced by history.—*GUSTAVE HERVE*.

Help Socialism by getting subs. for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

THESE BEING DEAD YET SPEAK.

In the street, in the black night watches,
We ply our trade,
By the hands of our body defilers
Our wage is paid.
They that gaze on corruption
Unafraid.

The wares we offer are rich
Though the price be high,
Body and soul we sell you
Until we die.
Are these things nothing to you,
Ye that pass by?

Are the wives ye have gotten loveless
And cold to-night?
Come to our warm embraces
And taste delight!
Should we answer your purpose as well
If our souls were white?

Body and soul as white
As once they were
When our voice and the lark's were one,
And life was fair,
Ere ye came with your lust and your gold
And left despair.

Despair that awakens whenever
We stop to think,
Till peace flows into our veins—
With the stuff we drink.
Peace! Good God! as we totter
On Hell's sheer brink.

O'er which we peer through the darkness,
And spy beneath
The worm at his work,
In the place of the living death,
That ends when the merciful pillow
Ends our breath.

Do your women, your white-souls saints
Seem so much to you
That you worship them, label them holy
And pure and true?
Isn't it funny, dear Christ?
We are women, too!

They shrink from our tainted touch
In the city throng,
And stare as they saw us not
As they sweep along.
We do not shrink, we gaze in their eyes,
And our hate is strong.

In vain, O wives of our body-defilers, in
vain,
Do ye give us your shuddering pity, or cold
disdain.
The gift we took from our lovers
We give again;
Lo! on your flesh—and your children's—
The brand of Cain.

—W. R. TITTERTON.

In Parliament.

The following is lifted from a press report of a debate in N.S.W. Parliament. It gives a fair idea of how the Labor Government's work is viewed by the "outs":

Mr. Fitzpatrick: No; I do not object to the sentiment of it. But I do object to the hon. member having engaged in so much flapping in the past; when he caused the people to believe that once the Labor party secured office, everything in reason would be willingly and gladly conceded to them. Mr. Griffith was actually going back on the people who put him in power—the workers. The Minister for Works did not discover the idea of State bricks. The London County Council tried it, dropped £8000 in five years, and then closed down. Would Mr. Griffith present a fair balance-sheet, showing the cost of the land he had taken—land which was resumed for abattoir purposes—the cost of railway carriage, the cost of laying on water, and so on? If he did they would soon discover whether his bricks were cheap or not. Ministers would not carry out very much of their programme if they continued to fly about in motor cars. One's work was cut out dodging Ministerial motor cars in the city streets, particularly the blue one, which was often seen outside milliners' shops.

An Hon. Member: Outside milliners' shops?

Mr. Fitzpatrick: Yes, the blue one. That is the favorite one.

An Hon. Member: Who bought them?

Mr. Fitzpatrick: The late Government bought some. The present Government has bought others.

Reception to W. T. Mills, M.A.

At the International Socialist Club rooms on Saturday afternoon, May 20, members and friends formally welcomed Mr. Mills to Sydney. J. R. Wilson occupied the chair, and welcomed Mr. Mills in a short speech. Mr. Mills spoke at length on the movement in other parts of the world, and the Liedertafel rendered vocal selections. A full report will appear in next issue.

Answers to Correspondents.

AJAX.—Received. Your suggestion is a good one, and we shall be pleased to publish.
J.C., Newcastle.—Verse received. Will appear next week. Thanks.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

BY H.S.C.

Notwithstanding the cold weather prevailing in Adelaide the outdoor meetings continue to attract large audiences; and encouraging sales of the papers and literature are a feature of the meetings.

On Sunday night, in the Hall, Comrade Barringer delivered an interesting and instructive address on "The Position in India."

On Sunday, May 28th, Comrade Miss Ethel Barringer will deliver an address on "Marriage and Divorce."

On Sunday night we had a welcome addition to the speakers in Comrade Swindley, who will be remaining here for a few weeks.

The Sunday School is increasing every week.

Sydney Jottings.

Comrades will learn with regret that comrade J. W. Kerr, is at present in the hospital, having undergone a painful operation. This is the second operation that has been necessary within the last six months. All comrades wish him a speedy recovery.

On Saturday evening Walsh and Shide conducted a meeting at Newtown Bridge, and disposed of a good number of INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISTS.

Splendid weather, a large audience, and rattling speeches by Riley, Walsh, and Wilson were the chief features of the Domain meeting on Sunday.

In the evening Riley, Wilson, Shide, Mandeno, Denford, and Whitmore, were the speakers at the Market-street and Goulburn-street meetings.

Both meetings were ordered to be closed down by the police, who, it seems, have received instructions to enforce the bylaw.

Riley, who was speaking at Market-street, had his name and address taken.

H. E. Holland.

Visitors to Comrade Holland should remember the proper visiting days—Sunday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from two till four. Numbers have been going out on other days, but in future, comrades and friends should only go on the proper days. The Hospital authorities have been indulgent so far, but they would prefer that visitors should come only on the proper days, as to do otherwise is to derange the ordinary routine of the Hospital.

Comrade Jorgensen reports that he visited Editor Holland on Friday last, and he was then progressing favorably.

All kind enquirers are hereby thanked for their sympathy, and their good wishes for the Editor's speedy recovery are being conveyed to him.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	86	6	9
J. Wickham	0	1	0
A. Ardley	0	2	0
J. Corbett	0	1	0
Per A. Gaum (Book 51) Free-thinker	0	1	0
Per Mrs. Anderson (Book 52) J. Johnson 1s, A. Anderson 1s, H. Diedericks 1s, T.B. 5s, J. R. Wilson 1s, F.R. 1s	0	10	0
Total	87	2	3
Advanced as Loans			
Already acknowledged	5	0	0
Balance	92	2	3

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Sunday.

DOVANS, 3, Blumenthal (chair), Riley, Wilson, Walsh, Rutherford.
MARKET-STREET.—Rutherford, Shide,
GOULBURN-STREET, 7.30.—Mandeno, Wilson.

Saturday.

NEWTOWN BRIDGE, 7.30.—Walsh, Blumenthal, Shide.
BALMAIN, 7.30.—Riley, Wilson.

Notice.

International Socialist Party.

MEMBERS are notified that the next General Meeting will be held in the Rooms, at 274 Pitt-street, on Tuesday, 30th, at 8 p.m. sharp.

Business important. Members are urged to attend.

J. R. WILSON,
Secretary.

WORK HARD.

[FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.]

BY W. R. W.

Work hard, work hard, the keeper says
Unto the busy bee;
And gather more than you consume
And hoard it up for me;
And I'll provide a little box
To shelter it and thee.

Work hard, work hard, the master says.
You busy men for me;
And while you live on humble fare
I'll live in luxury;
And I'll put in a City Bank
What I drag out of ye.

International Notes.

Canada.

In spite of the vast country to be covered, the distance between the large cities and towns, and the small proportion of the workers engaged in industrial life, the Socialist movement makes good headway in Canada. The Socialist Party of Canada is a revolutionary party. It is strictly Marxian, and carries on its propaganda along the lines of the class struggle. The centre of Socialist activity and seat of the Dominion Executive of the party is in Vancouver, British Columbia. This province also boasts two Socialist members in the Provincial Legislature. Alberta, too, has a Socialist M.P. in the local House.

A great effort will be made to get a foothold in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa this coming general election.

Germany.

In the bye-election to the Gotha Landtag at Waltershausen Benhain the Social-Democrat was elected (indirectly) by 568 votes to 387.

The 26th Social-Democrat has just entered the Saxon Landtag in the person of comrade Moller, who was elected for the 28th division of Saxony by 5,386 votes to 5,372 votes given to his Conservative opponent.

Italy.

The Social-Democratic deputies have passed a resolution, proposed by Turati, against Socialists taking part in a bourgeois Government, and repudiating any systematic Ministerialism, as long as the masses are weak and uneducated. A resolution in favor of taking part, on principle, in the Government, and supporting it, only received two votes. After Giolitti's speech they met again and agreed, with only four dissentients, to support the Cabinet; thereupon two deputies announced their resignation, in order not to have to answer to the proletariat for supporting the Ministry.

Spain.

Pablo Iglesias, the Socialist leader, speaking in the Ferrer debate in the Cortes, affirmed the innocence of Ferrer, who was a victim of his revolutionary antecedents. He condemned the policy of the Conservative Cabinet, who were really the guilty parties in all these events. The country would never allow them to return to power, as the policy they had adopted, especially after the bloody week, was a disgrace to the nation. It was the spirit of justice, said Iglesias, which inspired this campaign in favor of Ferrer. They could not bring Ferrer back to life; but they could bring about a reparation of the injustice; and if they did not succeed in doing so, there was no doubt that they would seek to overthrow the regime that refuses to do so. The Ferrer affair will not rest there; it will pass into the street, and they will make every effort to render the contest a gigantic one, by fighting as determined men with bare breasts.

The noise was so great that the President rang his bell, and failed to make himself heard.

At the close of the Ferrer debate the Republicans presented a motion asking the Chamber to declare that it would be glad to see the Government introduce a Bill modifying the military law.

After a speech by Canalejas, the Republican motion was rejected by 179 votes to 23.

Britain.

Six hundred shipwrights, working in the Southampton yards, have struck work because their demand for an increase of one-half penny per hour was refused in wages.

Many Huddersfield woollen factories are running night and day to complete orders in view of the threatened strike.

The result of the ballot as to whether the men will cease work or accept the Board of Trade's offer of arbitration will be known on the 28th inst.

America.

The furniture-workers are out on strike at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A collision between the strikers and police took place, and about 100 persons sustained injuries.

"No Wild Cat Schemes."

BY DORA E. MONTEFIORE.

We have it on the word of Mr. Griffiths, the Minister for Works, that the Labor Government of this State is not pledged to any "Wild Cat Schemes." This is a negative utterance, somewhat cryptic in form—for no definition is given us of the meaning of the term "Wild Cat Scheme."

We therefore turn once again to the Minister's speech for more definite light and leading, and then discover another brilliant negative utterance to the effect that the Labor Ministry "does not desire to reform the country by standing it on its head." Once again we feel non-plussed in our eager desire for official information as to the intentions of the Government; for it is not given to everyone to grasp the process of "standing a country on its head." (The occasion of this official utterance was an after dinner speech at a Mayoral banquet, which may account for the metaphor). But whilst hunting round among negative propositions, we did at last discover something positive; and we make a present of it now to the workers of N.S.W., begging them not to look a gift horse in the mouth.

"I wish to remark," said Mr. Griffiths, that we have realised always that an attempt to introduce into this country the principles of class legislation must end in disaster."

Which class, it is interesting to ask, was in Mr. Griffiths's mind, when he thus spoke after dining and wine?

Has not "class legislation" already been introduced into this country, and has it not flourished ever since the days of the first early settlers?

For which "class" is it that our land laws exist?

For which "class" was it that the Coercion Act was called into being?

For the benefit of which "class" is it that State emigrants are brought into the country?

For the benefit of which "class" is it that bonuses are paid for the manufacture of certain articles?

Has there ever yet been any legislation proposed by any political party to abolish poverty, or to set free industrially working men and women?

Has not all legislation in the past tended to keep the exploiter where he is, and to ameliorate the worker's lot just sufficiently to make him and his children more efficient tools for the capitalist?

Unless therefore legislation is introduced by the Labor Government with the object of assuring the worker the full share of the wealth he creates, we as Socialists affirm that the Labor Party is LEGISLATING FOR ONE CLASS AND THAT CLASS IS THE MASTER CLASS.

Mr. Griffiths further states that he is in no way hostile to "private enterprise"; which means that he believes in production for profit, as opposed to production for use. One of the cardinal interpretations that we Socialists put before the workers is that their exploitation can never cease till the wealth they produce is produced for use, and not for profit. Everything that is now grown, produced, and manufactured is grown and manufactured with the sole object of making a profit for those who own and control the means of life (that privileged class which all legislation at present protects).

Mr. Hoskins does not carry on his iron works and contract to supply the Labor Government with 20,000 tons of steel rails because the country needs those steel rails for its new lines, but because he is able, through the capitalist legislation, which protects industrial exploiters, to buy the labor of working men at a price which ensures his making a handsome profit on every ton of rails his workers manufacture. That is why he is in the business, and that is why he will remain there as long as his men are content to work as wage slaves, and produce profits for a master.

Some may object that the men must work, or they and their families will starve.

We quite agree that under the present capitalist system (which again we must remind the workers represents legislation for one class—and that class the masters) workers must accept the market value of their labor power, or they must starve. But that only proves what we Socialist agitators are always repeating that wage-slaves are no more free than were chattel-slaves. They thought at one time they were free to strike, or to stop work when they were dissatisfied with their miserable share of food, lodging, and leisure; but they have learnt now un-

der a Labor Government that if they strike they will be prosecuted and fined; and they are being daily reminded that the men they have placed in power owe them no particular political debt. The Labor Ministry, as Mr. Griffiths took pains in his after dinner speech to state, "have ceased to become the representatives of any party within the State; they have become the representatives of the whole community."

How foolish for the miners and dock laborers, and rock splitters, and farmacemen, and their wives to have imagined that when they were voting and cheering for their specially chosen Labor representatives, they were doing something which would help emancipate their class from industrial slavery!

They know better now. They know, or are beginning dimly to understand that salvation from that slavery must, after all, come from THEMSELVES, and not from any political puppets, whom they, the workers, cease to control as soon as they have fastened their puppets to hooks on the political stage, and have set them dancing.

"No Wild Cat Schemes!" is the burden of the chorus the puppets sing; and the applause they seek for their little performance is that of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which from the stalls, claps its fat white hands, and murmurs softly: "Mr. Griffiths's remarks have been conceived with studied moderation." "The Government hopes to proceed on relatively sound grounds," and "No serious economic fallacies are involved in (proposed) legislation."

Will Haywood, the United States Western miner, wrote lately in an American Socialist paper that if the capitalist papers ever began to speak well of him he should feel constrained to go down into a cellar, and have a serious interview with himself. That should be the attitude of mind of the Labor Party of the New South Wales at the present juncture.

When the *Sydney Morning Herald* congratulates a Labor Minister (who owes his seat in Parliament and his seat in the Cabinet to Trades Union votes) on his announcement that "a riot of unionism is not to be permitted," and on his "repudiation of a policy of class legislation," that Minister should surely have a more than usually serious interview with himself; and if he neglects that duty, his constituents should fix up an interview with him, and ask him some rather plain questions.

The Government will soon find after Parliament has met that Mr. Carmichael's "Tamé Cat Schemes" for keeping the workers amused by building a few cottages at ten shillings a week with some of the bricks Mr. Griffiths's Department is making, is not going to prevent the asking of awkward questions on the subject of the promised wider and more comprehensive industrial "building scheme," which a good number of the organised workers in this State have in their mind's eye. The industrial question is not a question which can be settled by a game of building workers' houses on the sands of economic fallacies. It is a question whose foundations are deep down in the rock of privilege, and there will have to be some blasting of that rock before the laying of a new and assured foundation of an edifice worthy of the social and economic aspirations of the whole people, who are out to get control of all that is at present controlled by a class.

If this is a "Wild Cat Scheme" then the present Labor Ministry does not represent the people of N.S.W.; it represents privilege and property and capitalism; and the sooner it makes way for a Socialist party the sooner will come the day, when in the words of Jack London, the workers of N.S.W. in union with the workers all over the world will say: "Let us oust the present owners of the wonderful machines, and let us own the wonderful machines ourselves. That, gentlemen, is Socialism, a greater economic and social combination than any that has yet appeared on the planet. It is in line with evolution. It is the winning side. Come over with us Socialists, and play on the winning side."

The old man told the tale as if he had witnessed it all. You could hear the blows of the heavy axes wielded by vigorous arms. You could hear the men draining the morasses, building towns and monasteries as they penetrated further and further into the dense forests, following the course of frozen rivers, and subduing the savage country and laid it out. But the princes, the governors of the people, cut up the land they had won into slices and bits, and by the strong arms of the people, waged war with each other and despoiled the people. Then the Tartars came from the steppes; and among all the princes not a single one fought for the freedom of the people, and neither honor, nor strength, nor intelligence was to be found among them. They sold the people to the Tartars, peddled them like cattle to the Khans, and purchased at the price of their peasant's blood, princely power over their serfs. Then, when they had given the Tartars an inkling of the art of ruling, they handed over each to the Khans to have their throats cut.—From "The Confession," by Maxim Gorky.

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Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

PRISON PRELUDES.

As the first, wan-eyed, autumn light of dawn
struggles through bars and corrugated panes,
spreads over white-washed ceiling, ledge and
wall,
Shows the black bible, with its human stains,
Falls on grey concrete floor and pallet bed,
Touches my eyes, wet with the tears dream-
send,
I know again that life stands by my side,
Maimed, bruised life, the prisoner's pallid
friend.

And as with unrefreshed head, heart and limbs,
I turn to hide one second eyes that smart
Under the Sun God's kiss, and close my ears
To dreaded cries from wounded sisters' heart,
The murmuring silence crashes into sound,
The step of wardress echoes rhythmic,
And day's great resurrection rite is hailed
With steady clash of keyhole greeting key.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE, from the New Age, London.

The Growth of Socialism.

BY EUGENE V. DEBBS.
Continued.

Of all the silly sayings of the self-satisfied of the present day, the oft-repeated falsehood that there are "no classes" in this country takes the lead, and is often made to serve as the prelude to the preposterous warning that periodically peals from the rich and sumptuous club banquets, at which the president and other patriots are guests, that "it is treason to array class against class in the United States."

If there are no classes, how can they be arrayed against each other?

The fact is that precisely the same classes and conditions that exist in the monarchies of the old world have also developed in our capitalist republic. The working-class sections, including the tenements and slums of New York and London, are strikingly similar; and the wealth-owning class of the United States represents as distinct an aristocracy as England can boast, while the laboring electors of both countries are distinctively in the "lower class" by themselves and practically on the same degraded level.

Deny it as may the retainers of the rich, the classes already exist; they are here, and no amount of sophistication can remove them, nor the chasm that divides them. The rare and exceptional wage-worker who escapes from wage-slavery simply proves the rule and emphasizes the doom of his class in capitalist society.

The existing classes and the struggle going on between them are not due to the mischievous influence of labor agitators, as certain politicians and priests, the emissaries of the "rich and respectable," would have it appear.

The long swell of the wave but expresses the agitation of the deep.

The agitator is the product of unrest—his is the voice of the social deep; and, though he may be reviled as a demagogue who preys upon the ignorance of his fellows, the unrest continues and the agitation increases until the cause of it is removed and justice is done.

Classes and class rule and their attendant progress and poverty, money and misery, turmoil and strife are inherent in the capitalist system. Why? Simply because one set of men owns the tools with which wealth is produced, while another set uses them, and there is an irrepressible conflict over the division of the product.

The capitalist owns the tools he does not use; the worker uses the tool he does not own.

The principal tools of production and distribution in the United States—mammoth machines, complex social instruments, made and used co-operatively by millions of workmen, their very lives, their wives and babes being dependent upon them—are the private property of a few hundred capitalists, and are operated purely to make profits for these capitalists, regardless of the poverty and wretchedness that ensue to the masses.

In virtue of the individual ownership of the social instruments of production, one capitalist may exploit the labor of a million workmen and become a billionaire, while the million workers struggle through life in penury and want, to a bleak and barren old age, to find rest at last in the pauper's asylum, the morgue and the potter's field.

This vast and resourceful country should be free from the scourge of poverty and the blight of ignorance; but it never will be until the private ownership of the means of life is abolished and society is organized on the basis of social ownership of the social means of wealth production and the inalienable right of all to work and to produce freely to satisfy their physical needs and material wants. It is for this great organic change, this world-wide social revolution, that the Socialists of all countries are organizing, that it may be intelligently guided, and come, if possible, in peace and order

when the people and conditions have been prepared for it.

The present order of society is developing all the symptoms of degeneracy and dissolution. Only the individualist self-seekers and their mercenaries—they who believe in making the animal struggle for existence perpetual, in climbing to the top over the corpses of their fellows—only they are satisfied, or would appear to be, and expatiate upon our marvelous prosperity, and the incomparable glory of our free institutions.

(To be continued.)

Socialist Fables.

A Capitalist in Heaven.

BY W.R.W.

A VERY wealthy man died, and contrary to all expectations, he found his way to heaven.

He passed St. Peter safely, and congratulated himself warily on his success. He had heard that it was harder for a rich man to get into heaven than for a camel to get through the eye of a needle, and yet there he was, safe within the pearly gates.

He set about to enjoy himself, and very soon he met some of his old employees whom he had mercilessly sweated and sent to an early grave when on earth.

These old friends came and looked at him in a friendly way, and his heart warmed towards them, and he forgave them for dying and escaping from his employment.

He had heard on earth, that in heaven men would enjoy themselves everlastingly, and as he only had one idea of enjoyment which consisted in employing someone to do all sorts of odd jobs for him, he thought he would be a mighty employer, and have thousands of wage-slaves, and big factories, where harps and halos were manufactured.

He called some of his one-time slaves to him, and spoke in the old authoritative way to them, saying, "Here, you fellows, get me a cab and show me round."

The people addressed smiled good-naturedly at him, and explained the rules him.

"You cannot order people about here, brother," they said. "There are no masters and servants here."

"No masters and servants!" ejaculated the capitalist in surprise.

"No, everyone is free here," one replied.

"That's terrible," said the ex-sweater. "How do you run your factories and workshops, if there are no masters? Who makes the harps and halos? Who rolls the thunder, and darts the lightning, and who makes the rain? Somebody must do the hard work, and there must be leaders."

"Oh, everyone helps in such work. It is quite easy, and when you understand it you find it a pleasure to do such things, and need no drivers, whom you used to call leaders on earth," the people replied.

"And cannot I buy land, and make money by selling it again?" asked the ex-rich man. "Cannot I own a factory, and a mansion of my own to live in, with a motor car and a chauffeur? Cannot I own a horse or two to run for me and win prize-money? Cannot I form companies to control flying machines and other things?"

"No," said the old angel, laughing. "You cannot do any of those things here. Everything is common on property, and none would join you in such things."

"Where's my wife?" asked Capital. "At least she will attend to my wants. Did my bidding?"

"She's over there, talking to that shining young angel with the large wings," said one, pointing to two angels in the distance.

"Why doesn't she come?" asked the surprised ex-married one. "Doesn't she know I am here?"

"Oh, yes, she knows," replied the female angel, "but women are free here."

There is no "giving or taking" in marriage here. You must go to her if you want to speak to her, or wait until she desires to speak to you and comes of her own free will.

"Oh this is terrible!" said the would-be wealthy slaver. "This is the very worst form of Socialism, Anarchy, and Revolution. Everything I loved on earth is abolished. I will see the Lord and point out to him how much better it would be if—I say, where's the Lord, I'll see him?"

"You cannot see him," the angels replied. "Everyone is lord here. He is in all of us, and we are all equal with him. Even He will not rule us."

"Oh, Gordelupus!" said the ex-capitalist, as his tears fell, and his mind went back to the things of the earth. "This is awful—it is hell to me."

And the angels left him weeping quietly to himself, and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

After a time the ex-capitalist looked up, and a new light shone in his eyes, and he saw that it was better so, and he too joined in the general happiness.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full!

Arthur Eba, a groom, received severe injuries as a result of being thrown from a cart among some horses he was driving in Kent-street, Sydney.

Henry Tellam (60), employed by the Wallaroo and Moonta Mining Company at Kadina, S.A., had his right arm almost severed at the shoulder by a fall of rock. He died shortly after being taken home.

John Capps, was endeavoring to catch a horse, when the animal kicked him, breaking three of his ribs.

Robert Burnley, a laborer, was going through a Sydney hotel, when he fell through a trap-door, and sustained severe injuries.

George Campbell, a cab-driver, was rendered unconscious, being thrown from his cab, in Sydney.

John Fife, a carter, while stepping into his lorry had his leg fractured through being kicked by his horse.

While working at a circular wood saw bench at Tanunda, S.A., Christian Hoepfner slipped and fell on the saw. He was found 15 yards away with a terrible gash in the chest and abdomen. He lingered for five hours and died.

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The "soul in business" is generally ground into sausage meat and put up for sale.

Socialism is growing, not only in numbers, but also in spiritual insight and sympathy, and in practical methods.

Some people's brains are in such a condition they cannot receive information without also getting inflammation.

An injunction to restrain the taking of profit would be a really righteous thing, but what have the courts to do with righteousness?

We learn from the *Worker* that Premier McGowen is in Paris, and is passing the time pleasantly at the Moulin Rouge, and other haunts of pleasure—if not of profit. The caricaturist of the *Worker* is clever, and we are able, thanks to his efforts, to follow the Labor Premier through the mazy dance, and the amazing transformation of the erstwhile sandy Sunday School teacher. We also feel convinced that the readers of the *Worker* will glow with a renewed feeling of respect and allegiance to their political leader after observing how human, and Parisian he can be.

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